

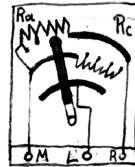
DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

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Issue n.19 \rightarrow 09/2023
13.0°C \rightarrow 52.4802743 \rightarrow 13.5441468
.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
printf("Hello, Berlin!");
return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

submissions: leeremitemag@gmail.com

home: <https://leserpent.wordpress.com/category/dlm/>

twitter: [@LeereMitte](https://twitter.com/LeereMitte)

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<https://www.instagram.com/enrico.sette/>

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Е.
БЕНОАО II
—РЕРІРАВІ
НЕННЕНО
ПОНАЕМ—
ЕНТМА.
!

РЕАРО_ММ
— ТНТЕМО

ННУИЙ
РОМРОТД.

НЕ РНЕТ-РОЕ.

УР.

ВАО
— Н **И** **О** **<**
— **ЕТ** **АМ** **—**
Е **—** **СА** **—**
— **Р** **ТОО.**

каламуть вій
незнайома —

творює серця вир.

раптом кляк — піднесено
навала:

витворки зірниць...

— сльоза торох .
неповторна —

спіралі клоччя,
клекіт —

розкотами коле свист...

питання шамкання,
непочатий дзвін.

• • •

плесо сум поколов —
перегуд:

мушля напинається дощенту —
кучерів кручений віддих...

— дужий прибий,
скроні твань — голосна —
витискує млисту обаву —

химерний жар відлуння
— невимовний ввік:

затісно — щем —
мряка — ціпком
в'юн негадано —
смуги розколини:

регіт зціпенілий —
втяв пісню...

подзвіння корч

.

подзвіння корч —
незавважно лячно
— розтріск:
коловертнем кострубатим змережав
плутаний бровою
хихіт —
недвига
— горою: покруч
пріч.
задума врозтіч —
завивається заграва:
бурхоти дугасті —
торох. стиск.
уришком образ —
наскрізь невідчутно...

**materiemateriematerie
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materiemateriematerie
materiemateriematerie
materie nichts materie
materiemateriematerie
materiemateriematerie
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materiemateriematerie**

**KNALLAUFFALL
KNALLAUFFALL
KNALLAUFFALL**

**FALLAUFKNALL
FALLAUFKNALL
FALLAUFKNALL**

**AUFKNALLFALL
AUFKNALLFALL
AUFKNALLFALL**

ITALIA

NOGAVE	GENAVO	GENOVA
PLANIO	NAPILO	NAPOLI
NONACA	ACANON	ANCONA
MONLIA	MILONA	MILANO
VANORE	VERANO	VERONA
NITORO	TORONI	TORINO
TEMARA	MATARE	MATERA
REZOZA	AZEROZ	AREZZO
NAMODE	MENADO	MODENA
VOPADA	DAPAVO	PADOVA

VERWANDLUNG
VERLUNGWAND
WANDVERLUNG
LUNGWANDVER

VARWUNDLENG
WUNDLENGVAR
VURWENDLANG
LUNGVERWAND

WENDLUNGVAR
VARLENGWUND
WENDVURLANG
LENGVURWAND

VELRUGWNADN
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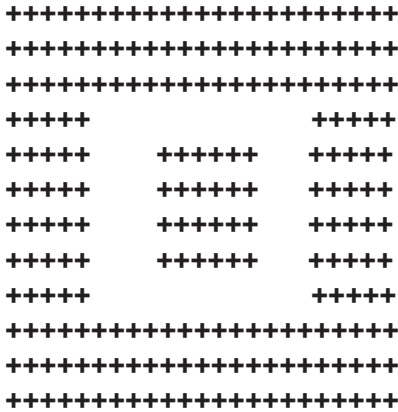
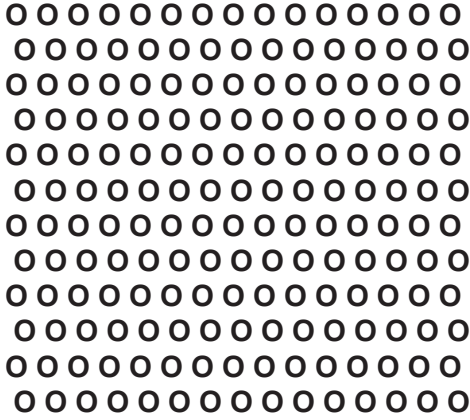
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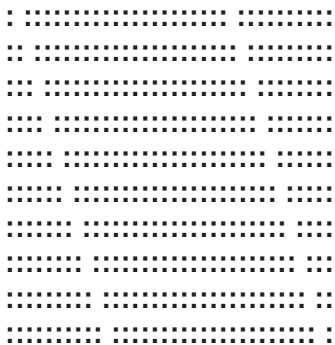
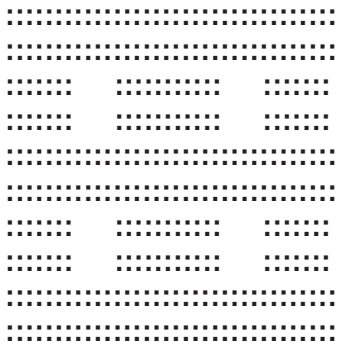
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ZlVlXlYlZlVlXlYlV





Beton. Blöcke.

Geh unter Streifen
grauen Himmels,
geleitet von offenen Fluchtpunkten,
gevierteilt von der Schärfe
der Schattenwürfe.
Groß steht der Schrei
aus der Tiefe:
stumm und ungesüht.
Zeitalter, fremd versinkend.
Menetekel für Kommendes,
alles Vorstellbare übersteigend.

Berlin, Holocaust-Mahnmal

Nicht-Ort

Hier steigt kein Herz,
starr und schmerzgepflockt,
gebannt von erdrückender Leere,
im Raum voll Nichts,
berstend von Unsagbarem
und gepresst im Atemstock.
Kein Ort. Nicht-Ort.

Berlin, Jüdisches Museum,
Holocaust-Turm

The strings are just off the frets & don't buzz, the front vowels are in blue. Light rays obey Fermat's Principle of the least optical path, a street lined with shops & restaurants in minuscule wooden houses hung with chaussure de foot & autre article & vêtement de sport. Many large laughing mouths gates of hell gaping wide open hungry taunting beckoning. It sounds like chicken noodle soup, this craving for attention to replace a lost mother's love.

Tremelo

The fire has run
its course, the
ashes remain. I am
confused—nothing
is where it was, all
contiguity vanished.
I eat a bag of
Carmelite Nuns
since that's what I've
always done with
Caramel Creams. Can't
taste the distance. Sky
blooms, clocktowers
flow inland as the toad
changes. Boards sing arias
or are they hiding be-
hind the arras? My mouth
cannot tell me. I sit down
to lurch. A centipede
takes me out to dimmer.

Meanwhile, in Swastika, Ontario

The examination of light to find aspects of religiously-valued experience as some libidinal cathexis of the self is closely tied to narcissism; but as a conceptual rubric, emotional regulation inexorably erodes old norms. The eloquent drama of the romantic movement becomes less salient. Each day is now an exercise in controlled chaos & its viscissitudes. Society tends to idealize farm life, focusing on genetic diversity, fleeces, structural correctness, as well as breeding. The development of better animal models is all the rage these days.

She could see it from the middle of the large lake. Their conservative and churchly house, up high above the rocks, west side: the sun set where they lived. A terrible over-flash of white trim, surely repainted every, or every other, season; bricks which must be pressure-washed, or came from the factory with a perpetually dewy gleam, dark red. Even the outbuildings were brick: a sign of an American family and a fortune which dreamed of lasting. Sometimes you could see their oldest young man coming out of an outbuilding and heading to the house, and you looked away: you'd heard he'd started a Batman comic book collection, after the father died falling from a height, during the building of a "carriage house" (though their house had been built long after horses and carriages were needed). He, the boy, had retreated completely almost into the soothing and better-outlined comic-book world. If he had eyes as sharp as the artist who drew the never-ending Batman comic books, she guessed, he would eventually be able to catch her glance following him even though she was in the center of the lake and there were many other boats in the lake, moving the same speed as herself, past what some people would call their estate. Crazy, he'd call her, for staring at him. Crazy, he'd tell everybody. She always looked quickly to the property, and quickly away again, and then back again. Then she over-tended the little boat's skimpy wheel, all white and aqua, the colors of indifferent fun and youth.

Topping most of their buildings were severe-looking brass and gun metal-gray roosters, with a predictable plumage of tail: sad docile-looking little roosters, from a distance, but a warning that religion and this household were run by ruling men, not women. The kitchen must be where the women roosted, waited for approval.

Clear glass tables, she'd heard, filled their formal dining room: they prided themselves on modernity, even though the look of the house was old. A swimming pool, in back, she had heard, was shaped like a question mark. The dot beneath was the round tub full of frothing water, to ease all your pains away, to end all questions.

Patrick Sweeney · *short forms*

warmed out of diapause the stink bug sleepwalks the glass

the tea drinker offered no opinion

stretched on white ice the octopus reaches for the current

a wormy vein
in his shaved temple
I ask for directions

each night the conversation deepening with my dead brother

supermoon
the night nurse's
swollen ankles

the butterflies came for the salt in the weeping saint's eyes

school boys rocking the loose manhole summer

sea urchin stirring atoms of air

loitering outside the prom with the pockmarked moon

only the butcher has time for the green-toothed boy

wanting to be in the Samaritan woman's backstory

cloud blossoms sheltering me from the honed razors of burning stars

the funhouse mirror of old age

in line examining the keratosis on the elbow of the man in front of me

Coronal Structure



Odontoid Process

Split / Layer / Repeat

**Dissemination discordant layer,
In syrup tandem.
Hovering in that radioactive space.**

Semi-cosmic cannibalism

WHIPSTITCHED

in to some more magnificent oblivion
Cradled in the far reaches of your eye sockets.

Over

— —

And

— —

Over

A blister soars.

Vascularity of the Pia Mater

Lick spittle layers
Hovering decrepit

Wire // // // spun

around around
 and and
around over

Nectar-sweet drops harrow the marrow.
Creaking through those deep, porous lines

Painters sit in anchored boats on the creek to paint Mount Susitna. Others set up creekside at various points closer to her from the creek. Any who paint her distinct shape never stop at just one attempt. I've seen one painter put a canvas out to dry in the afternoon sun immediately move on to the next attempt, as if chasing something.

The act of painting brought the painter a variety of Susitna experiences, like a lover interacting with their beloved. The painting of Susitna showed devotion and was also a way to love-make with Susitna by utilizing rich painting techniques as if drawing from the Kama Sutra. The countless possibilities were inspirational, like knowing once a shell was cracked open there'd be sweet meat inside.

I am ashamed to say I ingratiated myself with an artist of a fine caliber to have him teach me a few techniques and let me borrow supplies to paint Susitna on my own. Our relationship soured quickly. When I was at an easel painting Susitna for the second time, a hole was abruptly punched through my canvas board. I turned and saw he had fired at me with a .22 rifle. Thankfully, he was instantly wrestled to the ground by King Salmon fishers up from the creek with their approximate 40 pounders apiece, quick to understand the situation.

There was nothing I, or they for that matter, could do to lessen the painter's madness. He was politely stuffed into the next floatplane, despite his protests and promises to behave like a human being again, and that was the last Susitna saw of him.

I consoled myself by using the remainder of his art supplies.

In your worst dreams, you are back in Cleveland,
winter cold threading through your buttonholes.
The third year of medical school, wings trimmed
with hospital shears, mid-March with no hope,
patients dying daily in the hard dark.
The cafeteria serves depression
gravy with a wet slab of sleepless scars,
minds heavy clay with thumb indentations.
Four decades later you wake up. It's May,
Massachusetts, and summer stretches, yawns,
shakes out its plumeria, starts to make
the morning's first cup of joe. Now long gone
is that nightmare. Still, on the radio,
the same songs play as forty years ago.

Blank Maps

Dear Mrs. Storgen,

In regards to the blank world maps
you made my father fill out for all of fourth grade:
I'm not sure why you chose to focus so
much on rote memorization, requiring
your students to repeatedly spell out
the names of countries that would soon cease to exist.

But I do know that yesterday,
as my father stood poised on the edge of seventy,
I asked him what year he would relive, and he said,
"Fourth grade."
He said he had a really good teacher that year.

Perhaps there was something about how you handed out those
maps.
Releasing each sheet like a dove to settle its white wings against the
brown desk.
Something about how you read the directions
the same way each time.
All so that in the snow, sixty years up the road,
as he and I looped our slow way around the reservoir,
he remembered your classroom as the place
he would go back to. A space
he wouldn't mind breathing in again.

And after a lifetime of travel—
summers sleeping on Alaskan beaches
and caring for migrant martyrs at the margins of Mexico,
rail trips dozing in luggage racks from Byzantium to Tehran,
he would still choose to go back to that year
with you.

Back to that Duffy Elementary School classroom,

quiet but for the scratch of twenty pencils
on twenty maps.
The world is spread before him,
but he is in no hurry to arrive.
Not there. Or there. Or there.
Or anywhere. For all at once, he knows.

Of all those blank spaces
this is the one he chose.

The football player repeatedly

hurling an empty keg up the stairs and
watching it bump and thunder down wasn't
Sisyphus. Nor were you Asclepius,
loafered, coming down on your way to learn
how our cells and cytoplasm gossip.
But at age ten, at five thirty a.m.,
you were Hartford's Hermes as you slung those
small bundles of newsprint onto porch steps
and kept pressing the pedals towards the dirt.
Only one old, slippered man scratched his head,
staring with a slack and unshaven jaw,
vaguely wondering how it could be the
newspaper boy's sneakers had sprouted wings—
how his wheels never touched the ground at all.

Eye-patched patients
Put eye-patches on normal

Persons. One eye dilating.
Half-asleep, half-awakefulness.

The other floating free-
Pseudo-lucinatory, ala

Hypnoid, the third eye
Requiring deliberate pauses.

Focus brings notice to.
Ziskind differs sharply, emphasizing

'Brief duration and transience'.
Thinking deprivation will throw

Light on psychosis. Yes,
While greatly impacting occupations

Such as long-distance driving
And radar-scanning.

Hallucinations

'Fringe' of thinking
Hypnagogic State
Thought echo (echo des pensées)
Sense character
Swiss lakes, silently
Repeating aloud company
Whistling only, neologisms
Touch, smell, taste; sex organs.
The patient reports intense cold
On certain parts of the skin
Or that they're sprayed with a fine sand.
Food is interfered with, made tasteless
By hostile ppl w/ coloured lights
Or brightening faces, who artificially
Orgasm, and fashion
Fragmentary.

B. H. F. · *god's gone*

at least he's [definitely] not in this parking garage.
"kooter wuz," though.¹

¹ "kooter" is/was a local leg
end in the vancouver scene. his
tags co
uld be found in the most impr
obable locations: billboard
s of fat lawyer ads. skytrain station plat
forms. business boi bourgeois patios. seedy bar bathroom gloryhole cum mos
aics. extra security was hired. authorities were stat
ioned to make it stop. ("cuz
the capitalists/politicians/good samaritans were getting o-so mad. some
thing about *my beautiful city not being what it
used to be!!! property VALUES!!!*)
it became a game to try to find his m
arkings throughout the city. each simply said
he wuz here.

and then they stopped
showing up. no one
knows what happened to him. some say he died during the pandemi
c. some say he shipped out on a dinghy. some say he got reincarn
ated after 3 days an' flew up, up. maybe kooter wuz a girl. maybe kooter wuz
god...?
and we never listen
ed.

re:

at least he's definitely [not] in this parking garage.
"kooter w
uz," though.²

² "kooter wuz here."
² "kooter wuz here."
² kooter wuz *here*.

morning, k:ôffee (un academicus poem)

The noun is an accusative apoptotic gerund
to say that laryngeal glottic cliticization fumigates
redolently of Guatemalan Catarra in sprouting twilight
from stairs than fictive ablutions when it's with you ground up
in the *deuxième personne* prefers Arabica [me] *vis-à-vis* [genitive]
possession no easier than olfactory conjugates slipping across
carpet linoleum after night's rest now prosodic systems collate be
Mein dear *und* render commencement of another day metamaclasis
from constituent night before still sleepy hit power on Keurig machination
with clausal implication contoid across your face semantic
you don't have to go in today as if consonant modification essive kiss/peck case
all to emphatic fusimand would reply *yes* nominatively w'e[']re not epistemic
deixis are we in the future perfect? one-may-dream that schema unimpeded
conditional movies daylight hand-sur-hand *amour mais* for now: be *Dien* dear
and possessive the direct obj. [sugar] *und donne* it to [ind. obj.] [me] i'm running late
post-clausally for lecture.

Elmedin Kadric · *BEI*

B E I .

Manufacturing U



ThE [s][o][w][i][n][g]

MACHINE

goes

.....
.....
.....
.....

goodnight

hello???????????

OM
OM
OM
OM
NO
NO
NO
NO
?
?
?
?
?

(((((((the candle is the match
)))))))))
(((((((it was on television

don't
be
afraid
of
the

OM[NO]OM ?

Speaking [as] the [piledriver]

dot
dot and dash
and dash and dot
and
and

sorted through with
all this hesitation
come again and catch
the

T=====

R=====

A=====

I=====

N=====

wrap one leg [indicated as ▲▲■]
over the adjacent
leg [indicated as ▲■▲]

now////////

////////

////////

T=====

R=====

A=====

N=====

S=====

F=====

O=====

R=====

M=====

i have a lump
in
my
throat

help me to clear it?

Taken // Piano // Out // Piano // In

SssssssssTttttttttRrrrrrrrrLiiiiiiiiiiKkkkkkkkkk
LiiiiiiiiiiNnnnnnnnGggggggggggg!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*o
n
c
e*

more

*w
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{{{{{{FEELING.....

once more as+=+=■

once more as <><><><>

once
and
gone
again

once
more
as

RrrrrrrrrrrLiiiiiiiiiiiiiiSssssssssLiiiiiiiiiiiiii
NnnnnnnnnnGggggggggggg!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

once more as:

[DUMDUM]

,,,,,,click,,,,,

.....click.....



[DUM]